

POW!

No. 78

13th JULY 1968

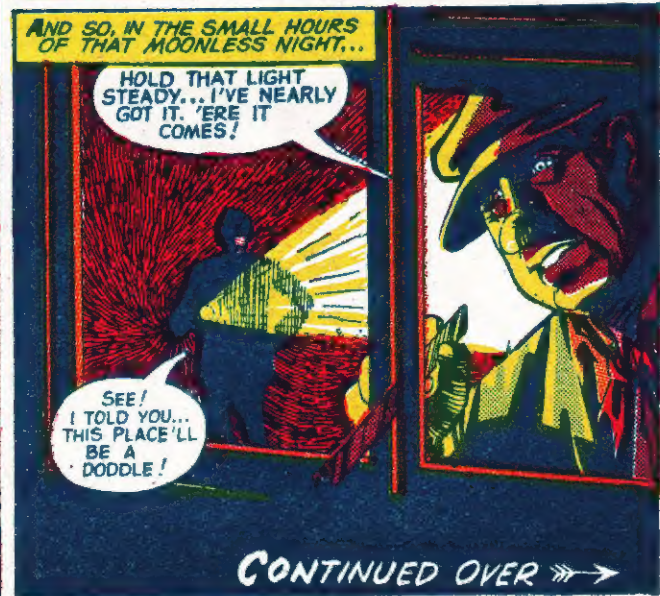
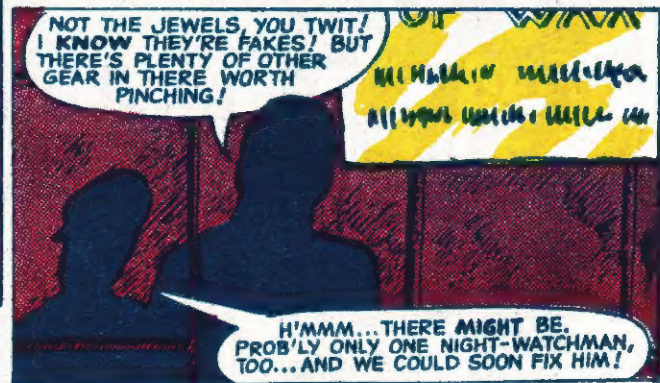
EVERY MONDAY 7d.

and WHAM!

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE REVENGE OF THE WAX PEOPLE

YOUR
POW!
SHORT
STORY



RELEASED BY WEASEL'S SLIVER OF SPRING STEEL, THE WINDOW SPRINGS OPEN NOISELESSLY...



YOU LEAD THE WAY, MATE...

HUH! STILL SCARED?

THEN, AS HIGGINS' TORCH PROBES THE SHADOWS...



A COP! HOW...?

HE'S ON HIS OWN! GET HIM, JACK!

I'M NOT HAVIN' MY COLLAR FELT BY SOME OLD GEEZER WHO OUGHT TO BE COLLECTIN' HIS PENSION!



W-HE'S NOT MOVING! YOU... YOU'VE CROAKED HIM!

NEVER MIND HIM. LISTEN... I'LL GO UPSTAIRS AND TAKE A LOOK ROUND. YOU GRAB ANYTHING THAT'S WORTH A BOB OR TWO DOWN HERE.

NOT A WHISPER DISTURBS THE SILENCE AS HIGGINS MAKES HIS WAY UP THE WINDING STAIRCASE AND THROUGH THE DIMLY-LIT GALLERIES OF THE WAX MUSEUM...

WARRIORS OF THE WORLD



WEASEL WAS RIGHT... THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE...

A SLIGHT SOUND HISSES IN THE STILL AIR. HIGGINS FREEZES... MOTIONLESS.



... SOUNDS... LIKE... SOMEONE MOVING! PRAPS A NIGHT-WATCHMAN. BETTER STAND STILL... LOOK LIKE ANOTHER WAXWORK... THAT'LL FOOL 'EM! HEH! HEH!

SECONDS PASS... THE CROOK RISKS A GLANCE DOWN THE GALLERY... AND A WAVE OF SHOCK ALMOST OVERWHELMS HIM!



THE WAXWORKS ARE MOVING! THEY'RE ALIVE! ALL OF THEM... ALIVE!

CLOSER... CLOSER... MOVES THE UNSPEAKING LINE OF WAXEN FIGURES... AND STILL HIGGINS FORCES HIMSELF TO STAND MOTIONLESS...



... MUSTN'T MOVE! MAYBE THEY'LL PASS RIGHT BY ME...



AAAAAAGH!

BUT SUDDENLY, UNBELIEVABLY, THE FIGURE OF AN AXE-MAN RAISES ITS SHARP BLADE... POISED OVER HIGGINS' HEAD!



STIFFLY... JERKILY... THE FIGURE OF AN AFRICAN WARRIOR STEPS OUT TO CUT OFF HIS ESCAPE...

AAAAHHEEGH!



BLIND PANIC ALONE GIVES HIM THE SPEED AND AGILITY TO DART PAST THE AWESOME FIGURE...



...AND DOWN THE STAIRS...



AS HE REACHES THE BOTTOM, A FAMILIAR FACE LOOMS NEARBY.



BUT THE LIFELESS, WAXY SHEEN OF WEASEL'S FACE SHOWS THAT HE WILL NEVER MOVE AGAIN!



AAAGH! HE'S... BEEN... TURNED... INTO A WAXWORK!

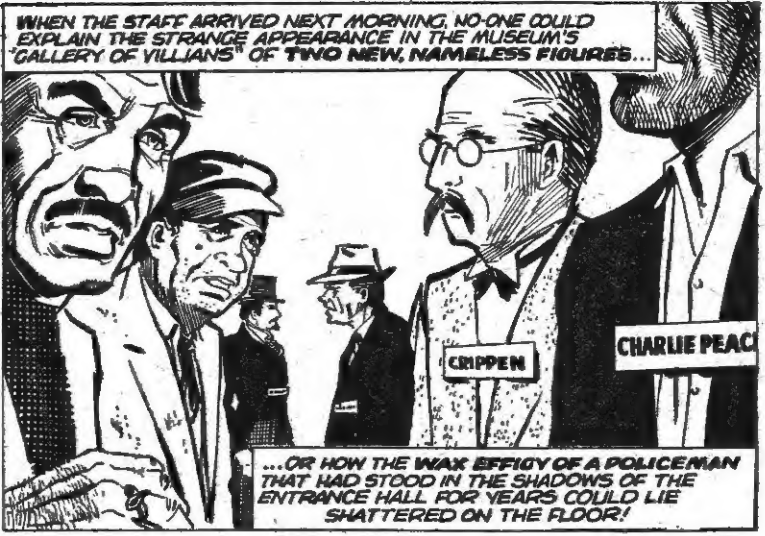


DESPERATELY, HIGGINS RUNS TOWARDS THE DOOR... BUT HIS LIMBS SEEM SOMEHOW NIGHTMARISHLY STIFF AND SLUGGISH...



THE SILENT GROUP OF WAXWORK FIGURES WATCHES AS THE ESCAPER'S RUN BECOMES SLOWER... AND SLOWER...





Help brighten our day, frantic ones, and send us a letter to: Pow-Wow, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And wait for it! If your letter is printed you win a genuine Spider-Man T-Shirt!

Dear Alf and Bart,
Would you believe that all other comic groups are green with envy when they see your magnificent Power Comics. It's not hard to tell why. A Power Comic is a magazine for everybody—every character is equal. A villain or hero can be of any race or creed. In my opinion every member of your staff should receive a pat on the back. I'm 15 and feel hesitant about picking up any comic except a Power Comic. Spider-Man is a great hit in my class. My chemistry teacher usually wears a Spidey T-shirt to lab. I would like to see his face if he could see me wearing one also! I'm still not clued in on how old Peter actually turns into Spidey in split seconds. I'd like some information on this if possible.

What a revolting idea! Do you want to see poor ol' web-head bite the dust? Anyway, look what happened when he tangled with the Vulture! He didn't come off worst there, did he? Or maybe you'll say that vultures don't eat spiders?
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
In POW 72, Reed Richards said to his friends, "Use me as a raft." What? Can't the fabulous F.F. swim?
David Spence, Co. Durham.

Have a heart! From out in the ocean to the mainland? And they'd been having a pretty fast-and-furious free-for-all in the undersea kingdom, don't forget. Could be they were just a teeny bit tired!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I'd like to stand in the long queue of fans waiting to shake you by the hand. I specially admire the artwork of Ken Reid of Dare-a-day-Davy fame. I wish I could draw as well.
Of course, Spidey is the greatest, and the Fantastic Four are as fearless as ever. Also, your short stories get better every week.
Everything is just right, except for Sammy Shrink. This supposedly "funny" feature should be put where it belongs, in a 'kiddies' comic for 5-year-olds, and should be replaced by an extra page of Dare-a-day Davy. Also, could you tell me how to get hold of earlier copies of POW, from number 46 downwards?

A Frantic Fan,
Haverhill, Suffolk.

D. S. Obhrai,
Southall, Middx.
Thanks for the fulsome flattery, fan! We went round, at your suggestion, trying to pat every member of the staff on the back. We can't quite work out why they all cringed . . . anyway, as to your question about Peter's quick-change act, he wears his costume under ordinary clothes, of course, and his power of Spidey-sense is built-in, so all he has to do is ditch his street clothes and he's ready for action—guess he can do it so speedily now because he's had such a lot of practice!
Alf and Bart.

MY TWO FAVOURITE FEATURES IN 'POW' ARE:

1st Favourite.....

2nd Favourite.....

MY AGE IS..... Date.....

Thanks for writing, frantic one—you didn't give your name. Bashful? Anyway, about back numbers, the thing to do is write to Odhams Press Back Numbers Department, 8/9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and ask if they've got the publications you want in stock. They cost ordinary prices, but enclose a bit extra for postage—if the department doesn't have what you ask for they'll let you know and send your money back.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
We know that in real life birds eat spiders. Is there a Bird Man somewhere who can finally beat Spider-Man?
Brian Watters,
Midlothian.

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Dare-a-day

DAVY

WITH APOLOGIES TO ALL PALING "POWSTERS" ON THE VERGE OF PINK FITS, WE GIVE YOU THE "SCHIZO-SKOPED" "HYDE-SIDE" OF: **NIGEL DAVIS** — OF 36, HALL DRIVE, BRIDGEND, GLAMORGAN, WHO HAS DARED OUR DAVY TO —

SEND DAVY A DARE AT "POW," 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

IF YOUR DARE IS PUBLISHED YOU WILL RECEIVE £1

AND NOW, OVER TO DAVY, WHO HAS BEEN HANDED THE DARE —

— (SNARL!) — LET A FROG LOOSE IN A POSH CAFE, LOOK YOU!

HA-HAR-R! GIBBER! GOT-CHA THIS TIME!

KRIK-KRIK-KRIK!

ERK! IT'S DEEPER THAN I THOUGHT! HELP! AGH-H!

KRIK-KRIK-KRIK!

SQUEAMISH "POWSTERS" WITH TICKLISH TUMS SHOULDN'T LOOK, OR—

— THEY MIGHT SEE A FROG GET ITSELF SWALL-! OOPS! IT HAS!

AGH-H! GURGLE! I'VE SWALLOWED A TADDIE!

— AND, IN THE GLUGGLESOME REGIONS OF DAVY'S TONSILS —

HO! THIS IS MY TERRITORY! HOP OFF!

B-B-BUT, WOT 'APPENED?

THE CHARACTER ON THE RIGHT IS DAVY'S WILL-POWER, WILLIE —

— WHO, HAVING FAILED (AS USUAL) TO ASSERT HIS AUTHORITY OVER DAVY, AND TALK HIM OUT OF NIGEL'S DARE, IS NOW TRYING TO ASSERT IT ON A FROG.

MEANWHILE, DAVY HAS HOPPED IT TO THE NEAREST MAIN ROAD IN SEARCH OF A STOMACH-PUMP.

I'M THE LAW ROUND HERE, SEE — AN' WHEN I GIVE AN ORDER, IT'S CARRIED OUT! SO JUMP TO IT!

Y-Y-YES, SIR!

JOE'S CAFE
JOE! GIVVUS ME USUAL TOAD-IN-THE-OLE.
GASTON! CAVIARE, GARNISHED WITH FROGS' LEGS, IF YOU PLEASE.
HOTEL ELITE
JOE! GIVVUS ME USUAL TOAD-IN-THE-OLE.
CHAR 40
— (UROLE!) — 'ELP! SOMEBODY! WHERE'S THE NEAREST CHILDREN'S CLINIC? I'VE SWALLOWED THIS WEEK'S DARE!

QUICK! MISTER JOE! I GOTTA GET TO THE LOCAL CLINIC! (GULK!) IS IT THIS WAY — OR THAT?? GULP! GLURK!

JOE'S
Today's MENU: BANGERS & MASH.
ALTERNATE DISH: TOAD-IN-THE-OLE. BOTH 2/6

TOAD-IN-THE-OLE COMIN' UP, FRED! —!!! DRAT IT! WHY CAN'T THAT FOPFISH FRENCH CHEF NEXT DOOR KEEP HIS MENU UNDER CONTROL?

GUR! A REAL TOAD IN THE 'OLE!

KRIK-KRIK-KRIK

I RECKON IT'S TIME THAT FRENCHIE WAS TAUGHT SOME RESPECT! LET'S GO!

FOLKS! MEET ALFONSE DUPONT, HEAD CHEF OF THE ADJOINING HOTEL-ELITE — DUE TO RECEIVE THIS WEEK'S CLOBBERING, BUT FOR A KINDLY QUIRK OF FATE —

ONE QUIRK COMING UP —

COR! ME FROG! YOU SAVED IT FROM HURTING ITSELF WIV' A PLATE OF STALE TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE! NOW I CAN CARRY ON WITH ME DARE.

'ARF A MO', FRED! —

— ER — YOU DID SAY YOUR FROG, DIDN'T-CHA? Y'SEE, I WOULDN'T WANT FRED TO MAKE ANOTHER MISTAKE, SAME AS WHEN HE DISLOCATED THE WRONG COPPER'S JAW WITH A BRICK!

'S MINE, ALL RIGHT! NOW LET'S HAVE IT.

THE NEXT PICTURE, OF DAVY "GETTING IT", HAS BEEN RIGOROUSLY AND RUTHLESSLY CENSORED.

AND WE NOW PASS ON TO HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES — SHOWING HIM SAFELY TUCKED UP IN HIS RESERVED HOSPITAL BED, WITH "ALL-HE'S GOT" EXPERTLY ATTENDED TO BY HIS STAND-BY TEAM OF MEDICAL SPECIALISTS.

IPH YOU PHINK I LOOK REPULSIVE, WAIT TILL YOU SEE NIGEL DAVIS APTHER THEY'VE LET ME OUT, AN' I'VE FINISHED WIV' 'IM! GRRR!



Menu
Soup of
Ome-a-
la River
Roast A
Choice o
paired
th se
Tots



the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

ONE OF THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT WOMEN IN PETER PARKER'S LIFE—HIS GALLANT, AILING AUNT MAY—WHO LOOKS AFTER HIM...

...AND BETTY, WHO WORKS ON THE DAILY BUGLE. PETER LOVES HER BUT HIS SECRET COMES BETWEEN THEM...

HOTHEADED FLASH THOMSON—CURRENTLY SNOOZING IN AN ALLEY WHERE PETER WAS FORCED TO K.O. HIM SO'S HE COULD GO CROOK-CHASING!

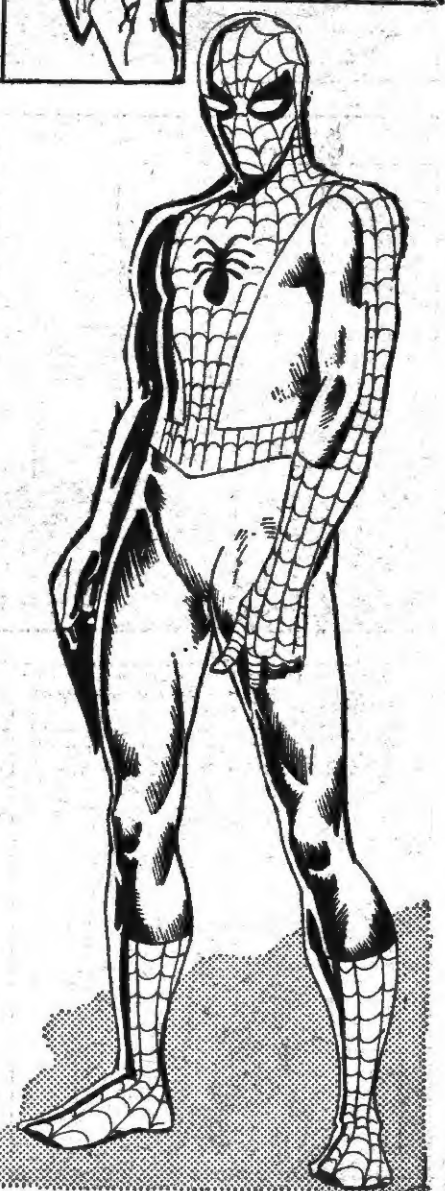
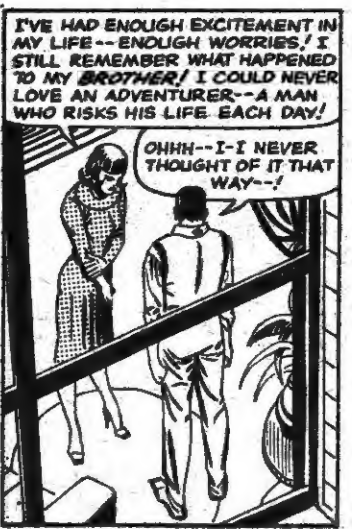
J. JONAH JAMESON, EDITOR OF THE DAILY BUGLE—AND A CONFIRMED SPIDEY-HATER! J.J. HAS JUST OFFERED A HUGE REWARD TO ANYONE WHO CAN CAPTURE A BURGLAR KNOWN ONLY AS...

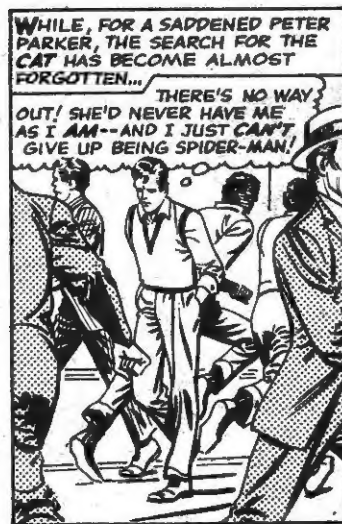
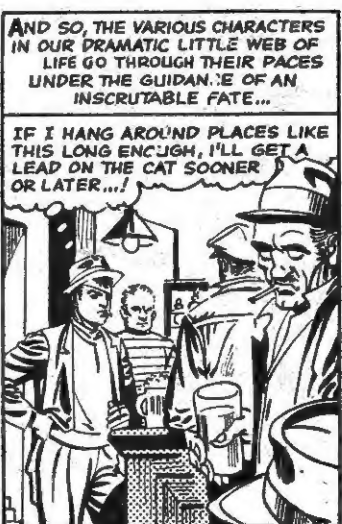
THE

Cat!

AND SPIDEY'S DETERMINED HE'LL BE THE ONE WHO WINS IT!





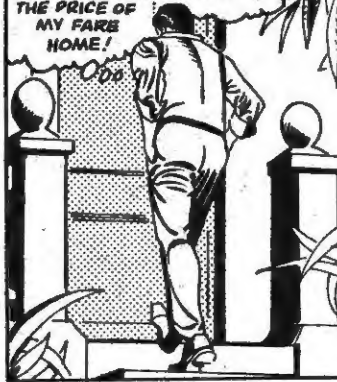






MINUTES LATER, A CRESTFALLEN YOUNG MAN WEARILY WENDS HIS WAY TO A QUIET LITTLE HOUSE IN FOREST HILLS...

A TYPICAL PARKER DAY! I LOST MY GIRL -- COULDN'T FIND THE CAT -- AND DIDN'T EVEN HAVE THE PRICE OF MY FARE HOME!



WHILE, IN HER BEDROOM UPSTAIRS... FOOTSTEPS! IT MUST BE PETER, RETURNING!

I MUSTN'T LET HIM REALIZE THAT I FELT SO DIZZY I HAD TO LIE DOWN...



HI, AUNT MAY! GOT ANY OF THAT GROOVY APPLE PIE LEFT??

YES, DEAR-- IT'S IN THE FRIDGE!

GOOD! THAT'S FOR ME!



BY THE WAY, PETER-- BETTY BRANT CALLED QUITE A FEW TIMES! SHE ASKED ME TO BE SURE TO HAVE YOU CALL HER WHEN YOU CAME IN!

OH NO!



WHAT'S THE USE OF PROLONGING THE AGONY, THERE'S NOTHING MORE THAT EITHER OF US CAN SAY! IT'S ALL OVER-- I MIGHT AS WELL LET IT REMAIN THAT WAY!



THEN, AFTER A PIECE OF APPLE PIE WHICH THE SADDENED YOUTH HAS EATEN OUT OF SHEER HABIT, HARDLY TASTING A MOUTHFUL...

AS YET, JONAH JAMESON'S MOST GENEROUS REWARD FOR THE CAT IS STILL UNCLAIMED! HE HAS NOT BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE--

SURE! JUST MY LUCK--HE'S PROBABLY RETIRED!



BUT, ANOTHER IS WATCHING THAT SAME NEWSCAST-- A COLD-EYED MAN CHORTLES IN GRIM SELF-SATISFACTION...

NOBODY SUSPECTS THAT AN ORDINARY SECOND-STORY MAN LIKE ME IS ALSO THE UNCATCHABLE CAT BURGLAR!



THE POLICE CAN'T WATCH EVERY BUILDING IN TOWN! I OUGHT TO TRY ONE MORE HAUL BEFORE I DECIDE TO LAY LOW FOR A WHILE --JUST TO KEEP MY HAND IN!



YEP! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GRAB ME A BUNDLE, AND THEN SETTLE DOWN AND DREAM UP A PLAN TO GET RID OF SPIDER-MAN!

LESSEE NOW --WHERE'S THE ONE PLACE THEY'D LEAST EXPECT THE CAT TO STRIKE--??



MINUTES LATER...

IT'S GETTING DARK NOW-- SO IT'S TIME FOR THE CAT TO GO OUT ON THE PROWL!



THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CAPTURE ME! IF I CAN OUT-SMART SPIDER-MAN, I CAN GET AWAY FROM ANYONE!



DON'T BANK ON IT, FELLA! AND GET YOURSELVES RINGSIDE SEATS, FRANTIC ONES, FOR NEXT WEEK'S FUN-LOVIN' FREE-FOR-ALL! SEE YOU!

Kicks



BABY WHAMSTER



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THE TWO FACES OF JANUS



CLIFF ADAM AND JANUS, THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD, ARE ONE AND THE SAME... THOUGH CLIFF MANAGES TO HIDE THE EVIL FACE OF JANUS, CURSED UPON HIM BY A JUNGLE WITCHDOCTOR, BENEATH SPECIAL FILM MASKS. IN PARIS, CLIFF TRIES TO TRACK DOWN A MASTER CRIMINAL CALLED THE ARTIST— BUT HE HAS INCURRED THE WRATH OF POLICE INSPECTOR LECLERC, WHO HAS BEEN PUT IN CHARGE OF THE NATION-WIDE HUNT FOR JANUS...

AND NOW, FOR REASONS OF HIS OWN, THE ARTIST KIDNAPS LECLERC!



INSPECTOR LECLERC IS IN MY HANDS... AND SOON JANUS WILL BE, TOO!

BUT BEFORE THAT... I MUST BE AT THE AIRPORT TOMORROW... TO WELCOME THE GREAT, AND VERY RICH, PAINTER MILANDO!



THE NEXT DAY...

MILANDO ARRIVES AT THE AIRPORT TODAY. BUT I CANNOT GO TO MEET HIM AS JANUS...



AS CLIFF ADAM, I'M BEING SOUGHT BY THE POLICE, TOO. BUT I HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF ESCAPING DETECTION...

SUDDENLY...

LECLERC! HE'S SEEN ME!



CLIFF BARELY RESTRAINS A GASP OF ASTONISHMENT...



HE WALKED RIGHT PAST ME! AS... AS IF HE DIDN'T RECOGNISE ME!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



THERE'S MILANDO! HE'S BEING MET BY LECLERC!

CAN LECLERC HAVE HEARD THAT THE ARTIST WAS INTERESTED IN MILANDO?

CLIFF RACES TO THE NEAREST TELEPHONE...



POLICE HEADQUARTERS? TELL ME, DID INSPECTOR LECLERC GO TO MEET THE ARTIST MILANDO AT THE AIRPORT? AT THE AIRPORT? NO, THE INSPECTOR DID NOT... WHO IS THAT SPEAKING?

IT DOESN'T MATTER!

IN THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE...



... I ASKED WHO WAS SPEAKING, INSPECTOR, BUT HE HUNG UP ON ME! HE ASKED IF YOU WERE AT THE AIRPORT...!

THE AIRPORT? I SHOULD BE AT THE HOSPITAL! OOOHH! MY HEAD! WHEN I FIND WHO IT WAS WHO WAY-LAID ME LAST NIGHT... I... I'LL!



... THAT MUST BE IT. LECLERC HAS PROVIDED MILANDO WITH A POLICE ESCORT... FOR EXTRA SECURITY!

... AND YET I STILL CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY LECLERC DID NOT RECOGNISE ME! UNLESS... UNLESS!



I'LL FIND THOSE ROGUES IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! THE INDIGNITY OF IT... AND THEN TO TURN ME LOOSE INTO THE STREETS... TO FIND MY WAY BACK HERE... LIKE THIS!

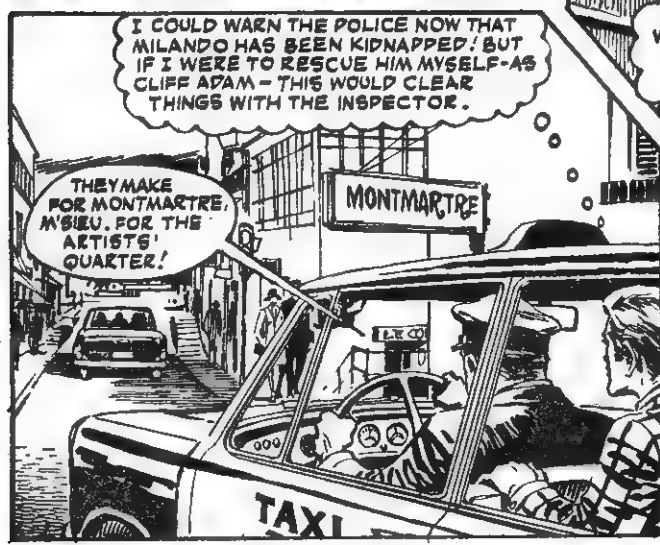
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, INSPECTOR! YOU WERE NOT ROBBED. WHY WOULD ANYONE KIDNAP YOU THEN SET YOU FREE?

BUT CLIFF ADAM HAS ALREADY GUESSED...



THAT'S IT, DRIVER! FOLLOW IT! DON'T LOSE IT!

THAT BOGUS LECLERC IS REALLY 'THE ARTIST'! HE MUST HAVE SOMEHOW FOUND TIME TO STUDY 'LE CLERC'S FEATURES'... AND DISGUISED HIMSELF AS THE INSPECTOR!

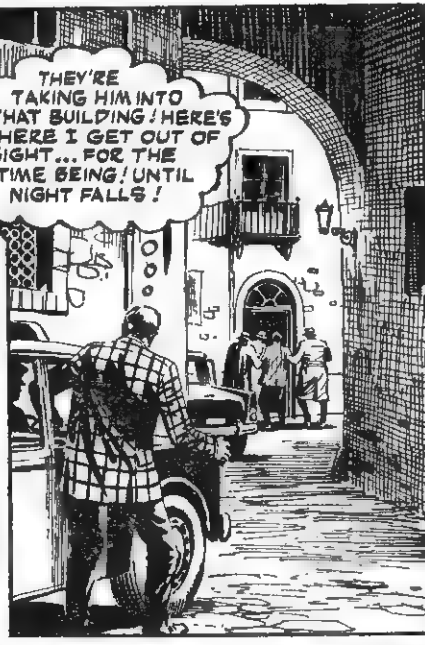


I COULD WARN THE POLICE NOW THAT MILANDO HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED! BUT IF I WERE TO RESCUE HIM MYSELF-AS CLIFF ADAM- THIS WOULD CLEAR THINGS WITH THE INSPECTOR.

THEY MAKE FOR MONTMARTRE, M'SIEU. FOR THE ARTISTS' QUARTER!

MONTMARTRE

TAXI



THEY'RE TAKING HIM INTO THAT BUILDING! HERE'S WHERE I GET OUT OF SIGHT... FOR THE TIME BEING! UNTIL NIGHT FALLS!

BUT AS HE WAITS IN THE SHADOWS...



MY FILM MASK IS DISINTERGRATING, AND I HAVE NO OTHERS WITH ME! IT WILL HAVE TO BE JANUS WHO MAKES A MOVE.



FROM A SECRET POCKET, CLIFF PULLS OUT THE FOLD-AWAY CAPE AND HAT WHICH JANUS WEARS... THEN...

LOOK AT THAT PHONY! ALL THAT ARTY GEAR... AND I BET HE'S NO MORE AN ARTIST THAN I AM!

YOU'RE CERTAINLY HANDSOMER THAN HE IS, DEAR! DID YOU SEE HIS EYES? AWFUL!



YOU INTEND TO KEEP ME PRISONER HERE? - AND FORCE ME TO PAINT PICTURES?

AND SIGN THEM: YES, MY DEAR MILANDO. THEY WILL BE WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE AT THE PRICES YOUR PAINTINGS FETCH. AND MUCH EASIER TO SELL THAN FAKES!



IN THE GARRET AT THE TOP OF THE TALL BUILDING...

HOW-HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO HOLD ME HERE?

ARTIST - LOOK!! IT'S JANUS!

AND EARLIER THAN I EXPECTED. I REMEMBERED MENTIONING MILANDO TO JANUS. I KNEW JANUS WOULD SOMEHOW FOLLOW THIS LEAD.. I PLANNED AND HOPED FOR IT!

LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO PAINT AT LEAST TWENTY PICTURES... AND FOR MY MEN TO SELL THEM. THEN WE SHALL THINK ABOUT A SUIABLE RANSOM!



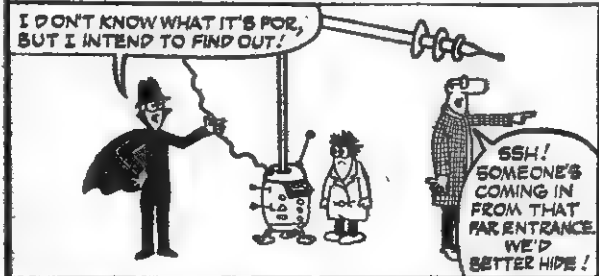
JANUS IS VERY, VERY CLEVER. BUT HE DOES NOT GUESS... HE CANNOT GUESS... THE PERILS THAT AWAIT HIM NOW!

AND WE CANNOT EVEN HINT AT THEM THIS ISH! BE HERE NEXT WEEK!

FOR OUR PALS IT'S JUST TOO MUCH—WHEN A MIDGET GETS THE MIDAS TOUCH!

THE CLOAK MEETS THE LEPRECHAUN

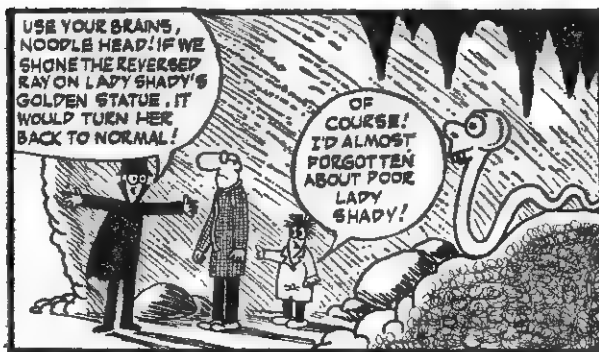
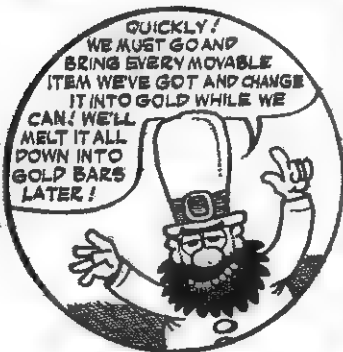
IN A MAZE OF TUNNELS BELOW IRELAND, WHERE THE LITTLE PEOPLE DWELL, THE CLOAK AND HIS MATES DISCOVER A MYSTERIOUS RAY CANNON BELONGING TO THE LEPRECHAUN...



SURE ENOUGH—IT'S THE LEPRECHAUN HIMSELF, SO IT IS ...



BEJABERS! THEN I'LL SOON OWN THE BIGGEST HOARD OF GOLD IN THE WORLD! QUICKLY, GIVE ME A DEMONSTRATION!



AT THIS POINT IN OUR STUNNING STORY, WE FEEL THAT WE SHOULD REMIND ANY NEW READERS THAT LADY SHADY WAS A GORGEOUS GAL WHO HELPED THE CLOAK BATTLE A VILE VILLAIN CALLED WARLOCK! UNFORTUNATELY, OUR FAS FEMALE WAS CHANGED INTO A GOLDEN STATUE BY A MACABRE MAGIC SPELL IN 'POW' 59! THE CLOAK HAS BEEN TRYING TO CHANGE HER BACK EVER SINCE.

ALF & BART.

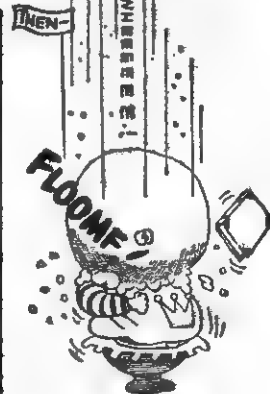
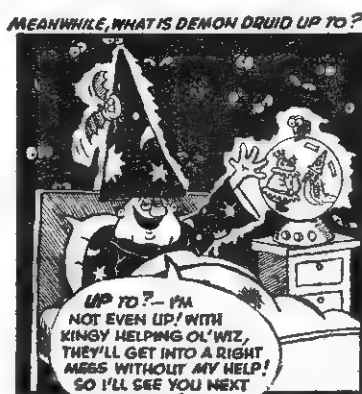
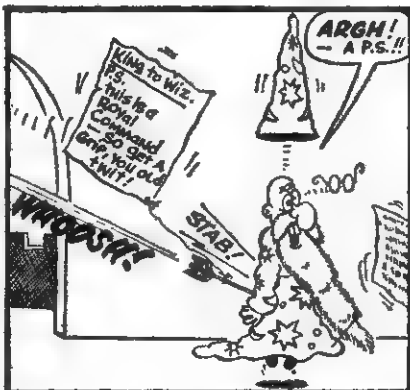
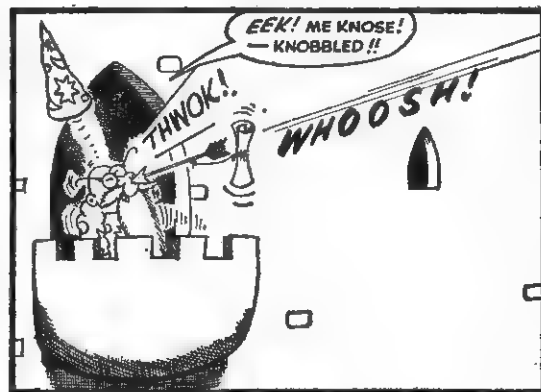
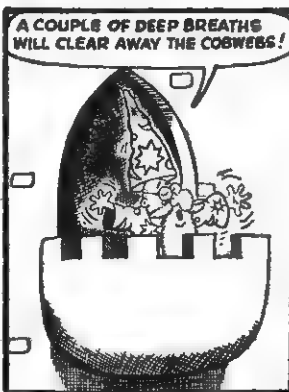


SOMETHING UNFORESEEN IS ALWAYS HAPPENING WHEN HE'S AROUND! —

WIZARD PRANG DEMON DRUID IN WIZ WAR!

— HE SPELLS TROUBLE FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYONE!

WIZARDS, AS YOU SHOULD KNOW, WORK VERY HARD. SO TO FIT ALL THEIR JOBS INTO A BUSY DAY, THEY HAVE TO GET UP VERY EARLY — ABOUT 3 A.M. TO BE PRECISE — AND TODAY IS NO EXCEPTION. LET'S GO OVER AND SEE WIZ BEGIN A TYPICAL DAY. EH?...
WIZARD



news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Carol Butler, Basildon, Essex; Kevin Turner, Chelmsford, Essex; Gary Halford, Syston, Leics.; C. Denton, Doncaster, Yorks.; Kim Bissell, Greenford, Middx.; Martin Gough, Chippenham, Wiltshire; Geoffrey Hughes, Ebbw Vale, Mon.; Clive Hencher, Tewkesbury, Glos.; P. Higgs, Epsom, Surrey; Christopher Howland, Bristol, 4; Stephen Gillett, Southampton, Hants.; Edward O'Neill, Co. Derry, N. Ireland; Shaun Vickers, Leeds, Yorkshire; Melvyn Simpson, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.; G. Saunders, New Eltham, S.E.9; Michael Donnelly, Tunbridge Wells; Christopher Wright, Streatham, London; Paul Toseland, nr. Kettering, Northants; T. Tiernan, Widnes, Lancs.; Jeffrey Cooper, Colchester, Essex.

... AND SPEAKING OF HOLIDAYS
... (well, we were! A couple of weeks back!) ... we utter due warning, brothers! Holiday time can be a time of grief, of teeth-gnashing frustration as well as a time for fun and happiness. For no other reason than this is the time when many true Followers of Power FAIL TO GET THEIR COPIES while they are away from home. And what's more, are NEVER able to get them! Doesn't bear thinking about, does it! But it happens! We get downright lump-in-the-throat-making letters every year around this time to PROVE it! And yet protection against this particular brand of unthinkableness is SO EASY! We've said it before and we'll say it again. DON'T TAKE A CHANCE EACH WEEK ON YOUR NEWSAGENT HAVING A SPARE COPY OF YOUR FAVOURITE POWER COMIC ON HIS COUNTER! That's sheer flirting with disaster. PLACE A REGULAR ORDER WITH YOUR NEWSAGENT. When you go on holiday you can ask him to continue to order in your comic and keep it for you on your return from holiday.

On the other hand, if you PREFER to read your Power paper whilst ON holiday (and who can blame you for that?) here's what to do. Newsagents in holiday resorts usually order in EXTRA copies of comics. But on the other hand that resort is filled with a lot of EXTRA readers. So you could still miss out. UNLESS, and heed well these hallowed

words of wisdom, frantic one. ... The first thing you do ... even before you hit the beach ... is scout around to the nearest newsagent. GIVE HIM YOUR NAME ... ASK him to RESERVE you a copy of your favourite comic for the weeks you're going to be down there.

As easy as that! No trouble! No grief! And we get no more letters of woe from you Brothers of Power. Darn it, those letters make us feel miserable, too. So do what we suggest, hey? ...

IF ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR GARRET GANG! IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING! ... but keep an eye on FANTASTIC! We've been genuising up new ideas to do the impossible! We're going to IMPROVE UPON THE PER-

FECTION! Namely FANTASTIC! Right now we're huddling over ideas to pack EVEN MORE solid honest-to-goodness ENTERTAINMENT into this peerless Power-packer! Competitions, super-hero puzzles, truly fantastic features that'll have all comics-action buffs just CROONING with delight. So ... like we said ... KEEP AN EYE ON FANTASTIC ... every week!

NEXT WEEK ... in FANTASTIC, as well as the rest of the Power Pack, we'll be giving you the results of the "Win-a-Speed-Disc" Competition. The 25 lucky Powerhousers who untangled the names of the four racing drivers and created a snappy last line for the unfinished limerick.



PLUS:

THE CLOAK!
SAMMY SHRINK!
THE SWOTS AND BLOTS!
BRIAN'S BRAIN!

SUMMER SPECIAL!

THE ORIGIN OF
DAREDEVIL



HUMAN TORCH
VS
THE ICE MAN!



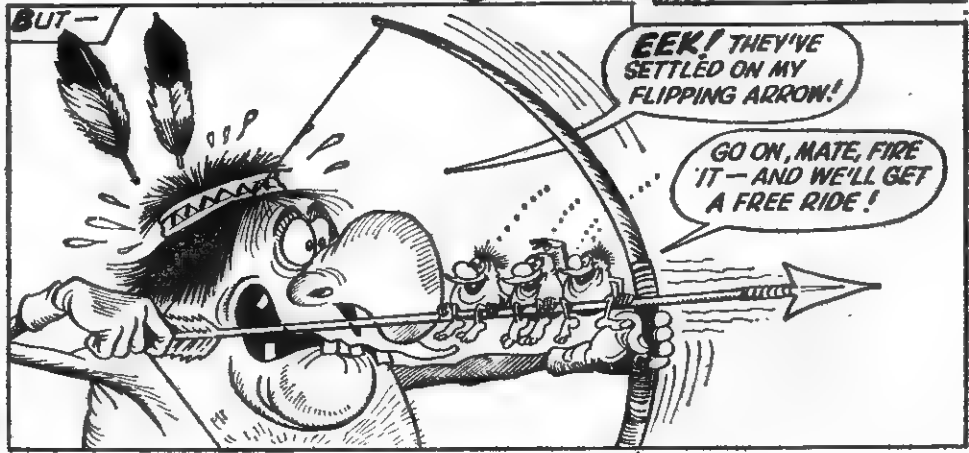
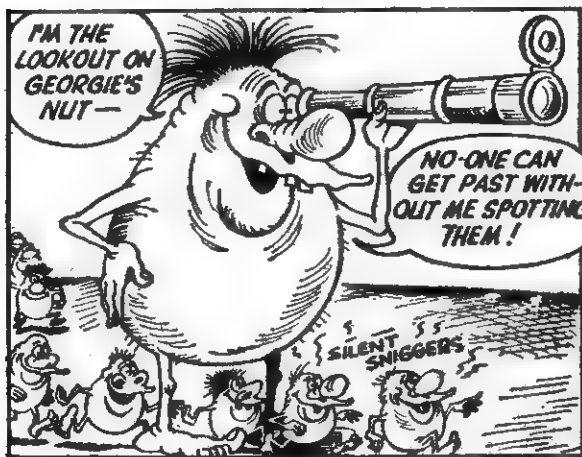
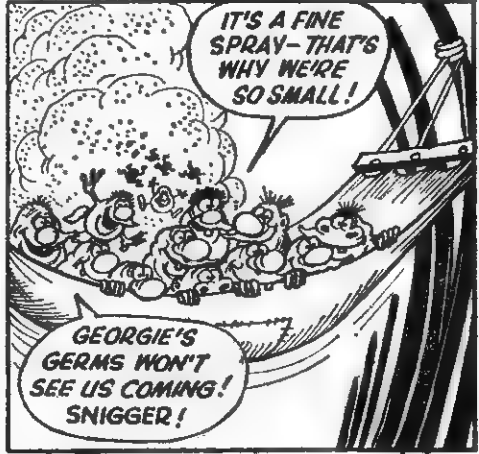
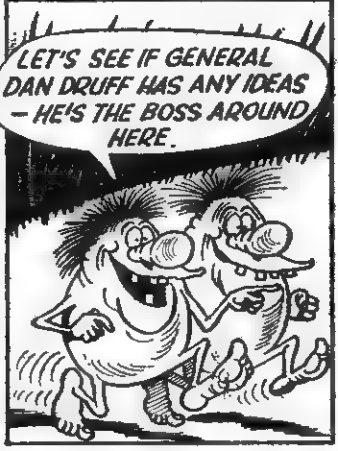
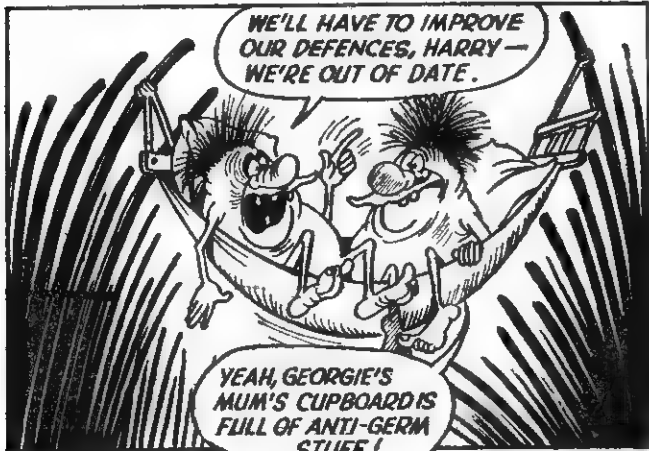
THE MIGHTY
THOR BATTLES
HERCULES!

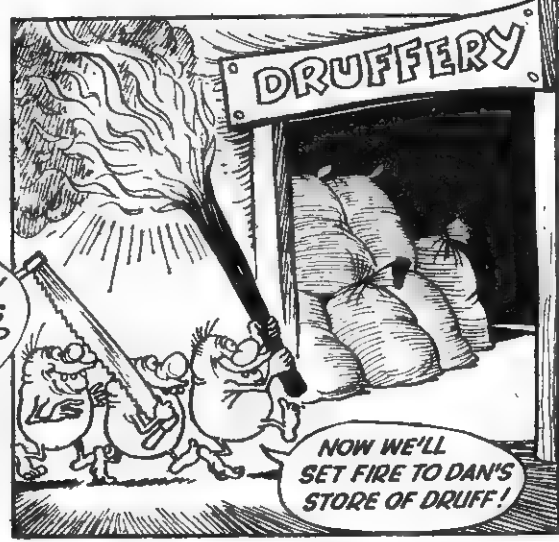


HOLIDAY PUZZLES!
SUPER-HERO FEATURES!
FULL-COLOUR PIN-UPS!

ALL IN THE **BIG** 56-PAGE
FANTASTIC SUMMER SPECIAL!
ON SALE NOW PRICE 2/6

GEORGIE'S GERMS







The FANTASTIC FOUR!

THE DIABOLICAL DRAGON MAN!

THE FABULOUS F.F. ARE VISITING REED'S OLD UNIVERSITY —AND SO IS DIABLO, THE EVIL PRINCE OF POTIONS. DIABLO BRINGS TO LIFE A HUGE POWERFUL MODEL MADE ORIGINALLY FOR STUDY — A **DRAGON MAN!** HE SETS IT TO DESTROY THE F.F. — BUT SUE STORM HAS A BREATHTAKING, DANGEROUS IDEA... IN SPITE OF REED'S WARNING SHE APPROACHES THE FEARSOME SAURIAN... ALONE....

NO, REED!! STAY BACK! LOOK! HE--HE'S STROKING MY HAIR! PERHAPS WE CAN FREE HIM FROM DIABLO'S INFLUENCE--!!

EASY, SUE--EASY! MAKE NO SUDDEN MOVE!

WHO'DA BELIEVED IT??

Reed, T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

BUT A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, EVERYTHING IS CHANGED! THE PLANS OF DIABLO ARE NOT SO EASILY ALTERED!!

IT'S HE!

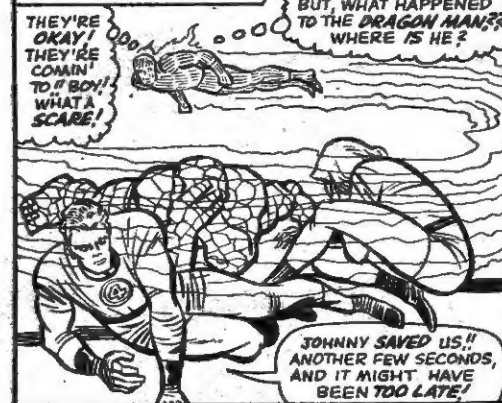
THIS NEW POTION I HAVE THROWN WILL DEFEAT YOU YET!

IN THE SPACE OF A SINGLE HEARTBEAT, BEFORE ANYONE CAN MOVE, THE EFFECTS OF DIABLO'S POTION CAUSES THE THREE COSTUMED CRUSADERS TO FALL TO THE GROUND, INERT, AS THEIR BODY TEMPERATURE INSTANTLY DROPS BELOW THE FREEZING POINT!!

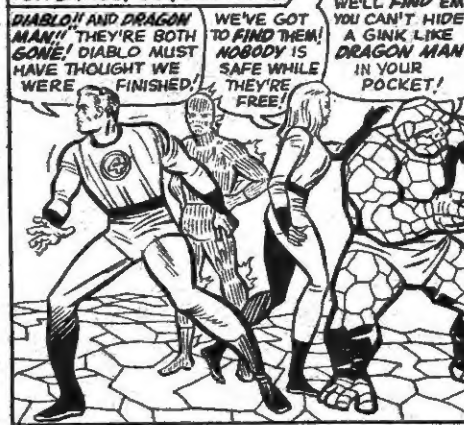
BUT THEN, FATE MOVES ANOTHER PAWN ACROSS THE CHESSBOARD OF LIFE...!

SUE! BEN-- AND REED!! WHA--WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM?? ARE THEY--?? OH NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!!

THUS, UNWITTINGLY, BY FLYING LOW OVER HIS FALLEN COMRADES TO STUDY THEIR PLIGHT, THE HUMAN TORCH'S OWN BLAZING BODY HEAT COUNTERACTS THE EFFECTS OF DIABLO'S POTION, AND...



SECONDS LATER, AFTER BRIEFING THEIR BLAZING PARTNER, THE FABULOUS F.F. AGAIN PREPARES FOR BATTLE, BUT, THIS TIME...



WAIT! WE'RE OVER-LOOKING ONE BET! THE ONE WHO CONSTRUCTED DRAGON MAN! PERHAPS PROFESSOR GILBERT CAN TELL US ENOUGH ABOUT THE CREATURE TO ENABLE US TO FIND A WAY TO DEFEAT HIM!



THAT'S NEVER STOPPED US BEFORE, DARLING! TORCH, FLY AHEAD AND--HOLD IT! THOSE YOUNGSTERS HAVE SEEN SOMETHING!



AND, AT THE EDGE OF DEAD MAN'S LAKE, WE FIND...



WHEN I CONSTRUCTED HIM--OF PLIABLE, INANIMATE MATERIALS, I NEVER DREAMED THE END RESULT WOULD BE--THIS!! HE WAS NEVER MEANT TO LIVE! HE MUSTN'T LIVE!!



AND THEN, AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE PROFESSOR'S UNSPOKEN QUERY, A FLAMING FIREBRAND BLAZES INTO VIEW!



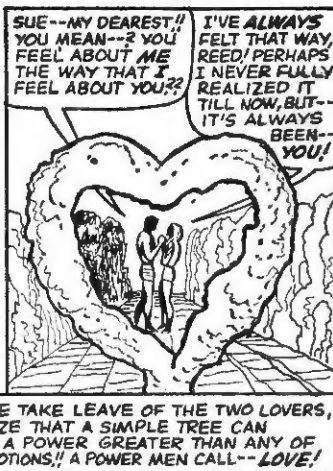
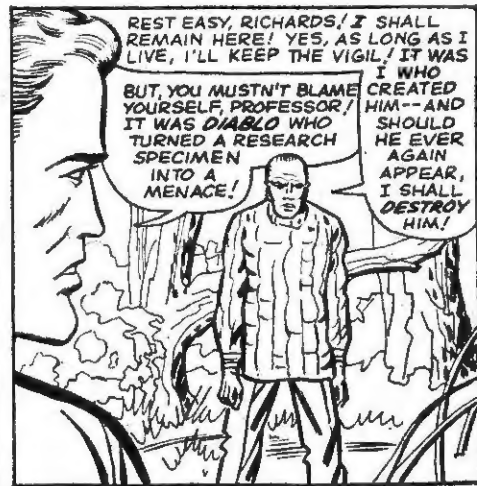
ONE SIMPLE PELLET--CAPABLE OF DRAWING ALL THE OXYGEN FROM THE AIR AROUND IT, AND THE TORCH CAN FLY NO MORE!!



ALTHOUGH YOU WERE NOT HIGH ENOUGH TO BE INJURED BY YOUR FALL INTO THE UNDERBRUSH, ONE ADDITIONAL CAPSULE OF MINE WILL INSURE THAT YOU NEVER THREATEN ME AGAIN!







SAMMY SHRINK

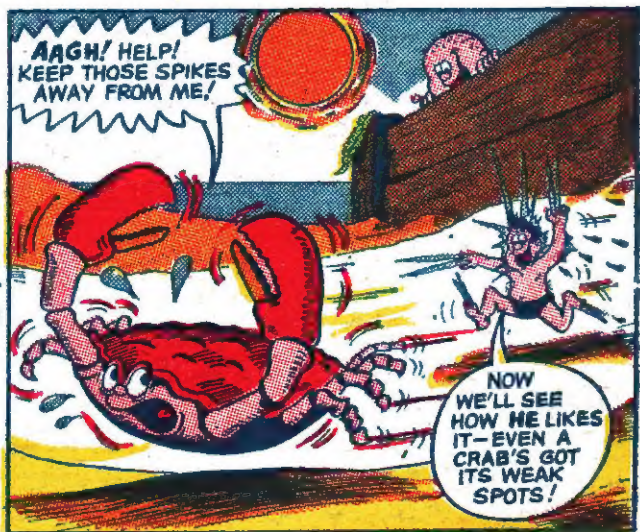
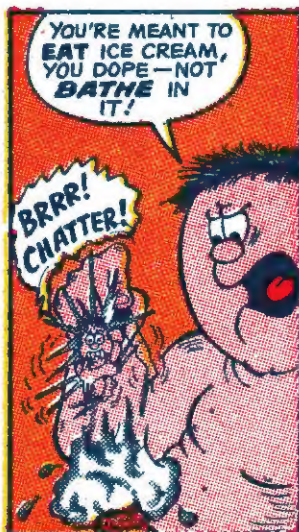
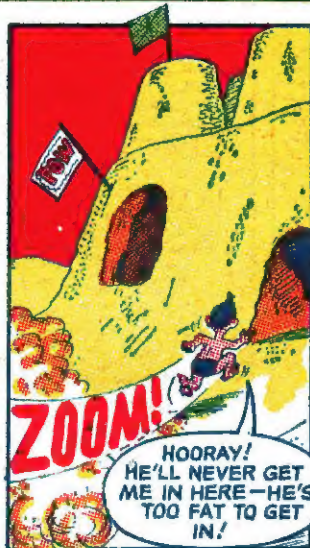
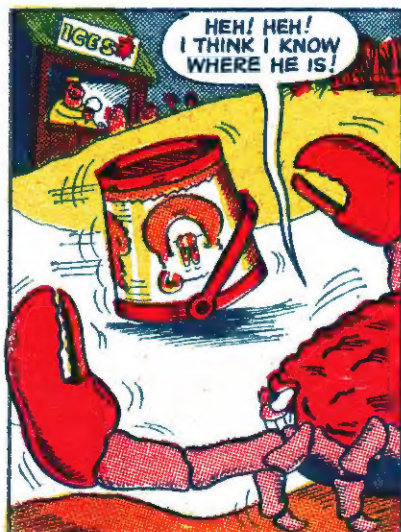
SAMMY'S SPENDING A DAY BY THE SEA—
AND HE'S IN TROUBLE ALREADY!

AAGH!
SOMEONE STOP
THAT BRUTE—
HELP! HELP!

HEH! HEH!
A HUMAN SMALLER
THAN ME!

ZOOM!

H'MPH! HE'S
GONE—AND I DIDN'T
EVEN GET A NIP
AT HIM!



NOW
WE'LL SEE
HOW HE LIKES
IT—EVEN A
CRAB'S GOT
ITS WEAK
SPOTS!